

Mangled The Ancestor

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Behold the misshapen sphenoid. The mangled skull
disconnected from the twisting bone, flesh long flayed from
the cage, knots on the clavicle steeped in lacquer. Forgive
Mangled his extinction, the racket uttered in a diagrammatic
noun. The logic of his origins yoked to fungal tongue—a
single syllable untwisting glottal breath and mite. Behold,
the mongoloid argot floating in a jar—the semiotics and
syntactics sung through a knifed throat—the ludic windpipe
unlearning—vectoring both dream and bone.

